but the day the Municipal Council was to meet after the Easter recess, they raided the office of the Union of Engineers, where our delegation had planned to meet. The raiders got there too early, however, and the engineers warned us of the ambush.

We arrived at the Municipal Building half an hour after the time set for the session. The entrance hall and the broad staircase were packed with the usual political crowd—journalists, lawyers, engineers, students. The galleries in the session room were likewise packed to capacity. The Union of Engineers pleaded for the support of hot-meal stations and pledged its co-operation in planning public works. The electors to the Duma reminded the Council of its responsibility for the welfare of the city. Then the chairman invited our delegation to address the assembly.

Nikitin mounted the chair, put on his heavy round glasses, got out our petition, and read it in a stentorian voice. He continued, "We know you gentlemen councilmen. You represent the wealth of the city, we represent the poverty. But most people in this rich city are poor. We speak in their name when we demand bread and work for the unemployed." Our next speaker, Malyshev, a fire-eating Bolshevik with a grim look and golden heart, discussed the origin of unemployment in St. Petersburg. Everything went smoothly and all the speeches were delivered as planned. Only the last speaker, Boroda, a thin-faced youth, added to his prepared remarks, "You have not suffered the pangs of hunger! You have not experienced the humiliation of unemployment! When I was leaving my precinct this afternoon, a crowd of men and women surrounded me, saying, 'Go to those usurers, speak to them. If they don't understand human words, we will all go and take them by their throats.' "

The galleries applauded frantically. The councilmen sat in morose silence.

The Municipal Council decided to appropriate half a million rubles for hot-meal stations and appointed a temporary committee to draw up a plan for public works. Only liberals—a small minority in the Council—were elected to the Committee. Its chairman, a well-known Cadet lawyer whom I had often met in pre-electoral meetings, approached me and said smilingly, "A fine performance. You must be satisfied, Mr. Woytinsky—excuse me, Mr. Petrov."

I replied with the request that a meeting of the new Committee be called immediately. "After that session," I said, "we will tell you whether we are satisfied."

We presented only one demand—that the Committee should instruct our Council to make a census of the unemployed and, without delay, open registration for public works through eight precinct offices. At first the Committee was puzzled by our insistence on